This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MAMMA AND MARY

1840.

211.

1840.

211.

MAMMA AND MARY

DISCOURSING

UPON GOOD AND EVIL.

MAMMA AND MARY,

DISCOURSING

UPON GOOD AND EVIL.

In Six Dialogues.

BY

MARY ANN KELTY,

AUTHOR OF

" Straightforwardness," " Individual Influence," &c.

LONDON:

HARVEY AND DARTON,

GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1840.

211.

LONDON:
JOSEPH RICKERBY, PRINTER,
SHERBOURN LANE.

PREFACE.

"MAKE the tree good, and the fruit will be good also," says our blessed Lord. It is not, therefore, by lopping the *branches* of corruption, that the instructor of youth can hope to be of much service to his charge; any more than the physician, who merely attacked symptoms, instead of going to the root of the disease, could expect to see his patients restored to health. That there "*is* balm in Gilead" —that there "is a physician there," for the sin-sick soul, the Scriptures of truth sufficiently testify; and one not far dis-

tant from every one of us. "This commandment which I command thee this day," says Moses, in the authority of God, "is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off, (Deut. xxx. 11—14.) But the word is *very nigh thee;* in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."

To a distinct consciousness, therefore, of this word *in the heart,* the attention of the child can scarcely too soon, and too earnestly be directed; and with a humble hope that for this purpose, some aid may be derived from a mode of instruction found useful by the Author, this little work is published; and which is to be considered merely in the light of *hints* for the educator to follow out, and enlarge upon, as opportunity occurs; *that* being the most effectual teaching which springs

from the occasion, and which approaches the heart whilst the feelings are fresh and livingly excited.

If it should be objected, that the view here taken, is confined to the education of female youth, it may be answered, that the *general idea*, (which is all that the author aims to exhibit) is equally applicable to both sexes.

MAMMA. Do not peevish and impatient thoughts sometimes sting you like nettles, when you are told to do any thing that you do not like to do; as, for instance, when you have done your sum wrong, and are obliged to do it over again?

MARY. I do not feel very comfortable just then.

MAMMA. And do you never feel as if you were pricked with thorns or briars, when you see any of your young companions more noticed than you are?

MARY. I feel something like it.

MAMMA. Are these feelings like pretty flowers, or are they like ugly weeds?

MARY. They are like very ugly weeds, mamma.

MAMMA. Do you see how ugly they are whilst they are pricking and stinging you?

MARY. No, mamma; for if I did, I should soon pull them up, because they are so

ugly. I wonder I do not see how ugly they are whilst they are giving me so much pain.

MAMMA. Did you not tell me that you could not see the weeds in the garden at night?

MARY. But, mamma, is it night in my heart?

MAMMA. When you are giving way to evil tempers and envious feelings, you do the same thing to your mind that I should do to this room, if I were to shut the shutters. If I were to do so, should I not prevent the sun from shining into the room, and giving me light?

MARY. But, mamma, you puzzle me: you talk about light and darkness, as if I had both inside of me, and as if it were sometimes day and sometimes night in my heart. I can see day and night with my eyes; but how can I see what passes in my heart?

MAMMA. You do not see what passes in

your heart in the same way as you see the difference between night and day; but still you can as easily distinguish right from wrong in your heart, as light from darkness in this room. You see that you are doing wrong, do you not, when you are impatient, and peevish, and envious?

MARY. Yes, mamma.

MAMMA. And you see that you are doing right, when you endeavour to keep down these evil tempers, and do not suffer them to appear?

MARY. Yes, mamma, I can see this very clear now: so now, I suppose, it is day-light in my heart, is it not?

MAMMA. Yes; now the true light is permitted to shine; you are quiet, and humble, and willing to be instructed; and there are no shutters of evil tempers put up to darken your heart.

MARY. Mamma, what do you mean by the

true light being permitted to shine? What is this true light?

MAMMA. Look at the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the ninth verse, and read it to me.

MARY. "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

MAMMA. This was spoken of Jesus Christ, my child; and now turn to the twelfth chapter, and read at the forty-sixth verse, what he himself says about it.

MARY. "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."

MAMMA. Now turn to the third chapter, and read the nineteenth and two following verses.

MARY. "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their

deeds were evil; for every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

MAMMA. From these texts of Scripture, you learn several important things; and first, you learn that there is a true light enlightening the heart of every person in the world; and that this true light is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. Next, you are told, that those who believe in this light do not abide in darkness.

MARY. Have they never any darkness in their hearts, mamma?

MAMMA. When the darkness comes, they do not abide in it; that is, when evil tempers come, like a dark cloud over their hearts, they run away from them. They get into shelter as fast as they can. They do not

abide in the darkness, any more than you would stay in the garden during a thunder-storm.

MARY. What shelter do they get into, mamma?

MAMMA. They shelter themselves in the light which they believe in; that is, they keep close to its directions; and whenever dark and cloudy tempers rise, it always directs them to be quiet and still, and neither say nor do any thing, till they feel calm and composed. Have you never got into trouble by showing that you were in a passion?

MARY. Yes, mamma. I remember, once, when I was ordered to do some work, when I wanted to be at play, I was so angry that I twitched my thread till I broke it, and you sent me out of the room.

MAMMA. You can see now that you were wrong in giving way to this dark and vio-

lent temper; and that, if you had been patient and obedient to your instructors, you would have escaped pain and disgrace, and would not only have been a much happier, but also a much better child.

MARY. Oh yes, mamma; I see that very plain.

MAMMA. You have something in you, then, which shows you what is good. It makes good manifest to you. Now the Scripture says "whatsoever doth make manifest is light." (Eph. v. 13.) Therefore, this *something*, which shows you what is good, is *light*. It is the light of God's good Spirit shining in your heart, and showing you that you ought to obey your instructors. It shows you, also, that it is wrong to put yourself in a passion; *therefore you are not to put yourself in a passion;* for if you do, you turn away from the light, and go *into very great darkness*. But persons who will not control

their evil tempers, do not turn to this light, as you are told in one of the texts you read to me: "He that doeth evil, *hateth* the light;" that is, *he hates to see that he is in the wrong.* "But he that doeth truth," that is, the person that truly fears to offend the Lord, and in all things tries to please *Him*, such an one "*comes to the light:*" he comes to *quietness, patience, meekness, and prayer;* all of which, the light teaches him to love; and so he says, very often, to the Lord, "O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me!"

DIALOGUE II.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."—PSALM CXIX. 37.

MAMMA. When you were wishing, last night, that you were old enough to sit up to supper, Mary, I did not say any thing in reply, because it was too late to enter into conversation then; but now I should like to hear if that is the only thing for which you wish to be older.

MARY. Oh no, mamma! There are a great many other things for which I wish to be older. I should like to be as old as you are, that I might do as you do.

MAMMA. You would like, I suppose, to dress like me.

MARY. Yes, I think I should.

MAMMA. And to order the dinner, and direct the servants what to do.

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma; I should like that very much indeed. I often play at ordering the dinner.

MAMMA. I suppose you then try to fancy that you are me, and that you are doing as I do.

MARY. Yes, mamma; it is so pleasant to think I am you.

MAMMA. Well, my dear, I should be sorry to disturb you at your play, because it is necessary, at your age, that you should be amused; but, nevertheless, I must tell you, that this desire of being older than you are, and of fancying yourself some other person than the little girl you are, is a wrong feeling to encourage.

MARY. Oh, mamma, how *can* it be wrong to wish to be as old as you are? because, if

I was as old as you, I should know as much as you do, and then you would not have to take the trouble of teaching me.

MAMMA. But I do not recollect your wishing to be older, in order that you might be *wiser* than you are at present. I think it was, that you might dress like me, and direct the servants; and, in short, that you might be of more consequence than you are now. You do not like being passed over as a child.

MARY. I do not think I want to be of consequence, mamma: I do not think I care about being thought a child.

MAMMA. You may not be aware of it, my dear; but that is the chief desire of your heart in wishing to be older; and that is the feeling which it is wrong to encourage. Little girls and boys are very apt to be extremely vain and ambitious.

MARY. What is it to be ambitious, mamma?

MAMMA. To be ambitious, is to be anxious

for notice. Did you never see any children fond of being noticed?

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma. Mary Ann Duff is ready to cry when she comes into the drawing-room and nobody notices her. Is not that silly? I am sure *I* should not care about it!

MAMMA. Well, she is a very pretty little girl, and I dare say has been too much used to be noticed. But you look rather grave, dear child. Are you tired of talking with me?

MARY. Oh, no, mamma, I am not tired. But I am so *surprised* to hear you say that Mary Ann Duff is pretty!

MAMMA. Do you not think, dear Mary, if, instead of saying, "I am so *surprised*, mamma, that you think Mary Ann Duff pretty," you were to say, "I am so *vexed*," you would speak the truth? Come, think a little. Is it not so?

MARY. But you would laugh at me if I were to say so.

MAMMA. Why do you think I should laugh?

MARY. Because it would be so silly to be vexed at that.

MAMMA. You would feel quite ashamed that any body should suppose you were vexed because Mary Ann Duff was praised, would you not?

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma, indeed I should.

MAMMA. Then, my dear, you see what a shameful thing it is to be anxious for notice?

MARY. But, mamma, am I anxious for notice?

MAMMA. Yes, dear child, quite as much so as Mary Ann Duff; or you would not have been vexed to hear *her* praised. Now you catch a glimpse of the darkness that is in your heart, and also of the true light that shows the darkness, and leads to the right way out of it.

MARY. I do not understand you, mamma.

MAMMA. Well, I will try and explain it; but I must first ask you a question, which I hope you will answer truly, because all I have to say depends upon that.

MARY. Oh, mamma! I am sure, then, I will answer truly: pray ask me.

MAMMA. Were you not, then, vexed, *very much* vexed, when I said Mary Ann Duff was a very pretty little girl?

MARY. Well, mamma, I think I *was* very much vexed; but do not laugh at me!

MAMMA. You need not fear that, my child. If I did not know of a remedy for your vexation, I should weep bitterly, rather than laugh at it; but, happily for you, there is something *very near* you, which can take away that evil, foolish feeling which vexed you.

MARY.—What could it be that vexed me, mamma?

MAMMA. *Envy* is the name of that bad

feeling; it is a dark, ugly weed, that is very apt to grow fast, if not plucked up as soon as we see it.

MARY. But can we always see where it grows?

MAMMA. We *should*, if we were to attend to that which shows it to us.

MARY. What is that, mamma?

MAMMA. The true light, which I spoke to you about yesterday. This is the good thing which shows you that it is so shameful to be vexed because you hear another person praised, that you have cause to fear that every body who knew of your vexation, would despise you for it. It is this true light that makes you conscious that you *deserve* to be laughed at; that is, it makes you *feel* how mean and despicable it is to grudge that another should be thought well of.

MARY. But, mamma, how does it show the way to get rid of this ugly feeling?

MAMMA. Is it not enough that it tells you that there *is* a bad feeling present in your heart? Suppose, whilst I am walking this evening past my neighbour Mrs. Smith's house, I were to see a thief getting in at one of the windows, and I were to go and tell her, there was a thief in her house; do you think she would say "Never mind; I do not care whether he robs me or not?"

MARY. No, mamma, I think she would be very much obliged to you, and would do every thing she could to catch the thief.

MAMMA. Well, what does this good feeling, that makes you ashamed of being envious, *so ashamed* that you cannot speak of it, for fear of being laughed at;—what does it do for you, but tell you that there is a thief in your heart; a bad, wicked feeling, that will rob you of every thing that is kind and good, if you do not drive it out? It will rob you of all love for your little friends; for how can

you love Mary Ann Duff, if you are vexed to hear her praised?

MARY. Oh, but, mamma, to be praised for being pretty! I have often heard you say, it is such a poor thing to be praised for being pretty, or being smart, or any thing of that kind.

MAMMA. So I think it is. Indeed it seems to me so poor a thing, Mary, that I wonder how you can be vexed to hear any little girl praised for her beauty!

MARY. Oh, mamma! you do turn me so inside out!

MAMMA. That is just what I want to do, my dear; I want you to see the inside of your heart.

MARY. It seems a very ugly one, I think.

MAMMA. Indeed it is. We are told in Scripture, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." You see how deceitful yours is, that it led you to

think you did not want to be of consequence, and that you were not anxious for notice, and, in short, that you were quite free from vanity; whereas, you now find that vanity is at the root of all this evil feeling that we have been talking about; for if you had no vanity, you would not want to be noticed; and if you did not want to be noticed yourself, you would not grudge to have Mary Ann Duff, or any one else noticed; and if you had no vanity, you would not, in your play, fancy yourself to be a person of importance, and like to think you are ordering the dinner, and directing the servants, and so on.

MARY. But, mamma, why is that wrong?"

MAMMA. We will talk more upon that subject to-morrow. We have spoken long enough about it now; I would only add a few words respecting the true light, which shows the dark, bad feeling.

MARY. If you please, mamma; for I do

not quite understand how it sends the bad feeling away.

MAMMA. Well, suppose when I tell Mrs. Smith that the thief is in her house, she were to say, "What shall I do to get rid of him?" and I were to reply, "You are not able to drive him out yourself; but I know a kind good friend, who is strong enough to drive out a whole gang of thieves;"—what do you think she would do?

MARY. She would beg of you to bring that friend to her help, or she would go and ask him herself to help her.

MAMMA. How would she ask him? Would it be in a cold, careless, indifferent sort of way, or would it be in a very earnest manner?

MARY. Oh, very earnest! She *must* wish to be helped to get rid of the thief, you know.

MAMMA. Well, dear child, when the thief,

Vanity, is in your heart, robbing you of kind and amiable feelings, and filling you with very bad ones, and thereby bringing a dark thunder-cloud over you, *mind* what the true light shows you, and you will find it shows you this:—first, that *you have got the wicked thief in your heart:* next, that *you must be quiet and still, and wait to see what is the best way of getting rid of him:* thirdly, that *you can do nothing of yourself, towards driving him out;* and lastly, *that the good, loving, tender Spirit of your Father, which is in heaven, is the only conqueror of this thief; and he conquers him in this way, by driving* HIM *out of your heart, and coming in there himself.*

MARY. Oh, mamma! how sweet that must be, to have the good Spirit in my heart, instead of the bad, dark, evil one. But will he come of himself?

MAMMA. No; you must ask for him; just as if Mrs. Smith wants the good friend's as-

sistance to drive out the thief, she must ask for it; and this asking for the Spirit, is prayer; and you are promised in Scripture that you shall not ask for it in vain. Turn to the 11th chapter of Luke, verse 13, and read it to me.

MARY. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

MAMMA. Then, dear child, you have but to ask for the help of this blessed Spirit, to drive all evil out of your heart; and this good Spirit will teach you how to pray for what you want; because it will make you feel and see what it is you most stand in need of; and often will it make you say, "Turn away mine eyes, O Lord, from beholding vanity."

DIALOGUE III.

" Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—PSALM LI. 10.

MARY. Will you tell me to-day, mamma, why it is wrong for me to play at ordering the dinner, and fancying myself you?

MAMMA. Yes, dear child; but in the first place, I would ask you a few questions on the subject. How is it, that every now and then, whilst you are playing at this sort of make-believe, you turn round to see if I am watching you; and if you think that I am, you look silly and ashamed? How is this? You do not colour up, and attempt to laugh, and look confused, when you catch my eye, whilst you are playing with your

Chinese puzzle, or putting your maps together.

MARY. Because I do not mind your looking at me then, mamma.

MAMMA. But you *do* mind my watching you at the other.

MARY. Yes, I do not like it.

MAMMA. Why do not you like it?

MARY. Because I am afraid you should laugh at me.

MAMMA. Why should I laugh at you, dear?

MARY. You would think it so silly.

MAMMA. But do I think it silly when you are playing at ball, or at battledore-and-shuttlecock, or running with your hoop round the garden, or skipping the rope, or when you are engaged in many other diversions that I could name?

MARY. Oh, no, mamma, those are not silly plays.

MAMMA. But it *is* silly, you think, to fancy yourself me, or any body else but yourself?

MARY. I do not know that I ever thought about that.

MAMMA. But you are sure you do not like that I should see you, when you are fancying yourself me?

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma! I am quite sure I do not like that.

MAMMA. Well, my dear, I think you may take it as a sign that there is something wrong in such a play, that you dislike to be caught at it.

MARY. What is it, mamma, that makes me dislike to be caught at it?

MAMMA. It is the good feeling that I want you to observe, and attend to. It is, in short, the true light that shows to you somewhat of foolishness in such a play; and foolishness, even in a child, is a thing that must be kept under, as much as possible. You do not like to be foolish, do you?

MARY. Oh no, mamma: it is because peo-

ple think children foolish, that I want to be like a woman.

MAMMA. I do not think children foolish because they are children, but because they have a foolish nature.

MARY. Had you a foolish nature, mamma, when you were a little girl?

MAMMA. Yes, my dear; and I have got the same nature now; only the good Spirit, the true light, shows me when that nature troubles me, and then I turn away from it as quick as I can.

MARY. But, mamma, you never play at make-believe, and fancying yourself somebody.

MAMMA. The foolish nature does not act in that way with me now, because I am too old to play as you do; but it would fill my head with many vain and idle notions about myself, if I would let it.

MARY. Has every body got that foolish nature, mamma?

MAMMA. Yes; and it is that which makes them act so foolishly. Little girls that have no watchful mother or teachers, to warn them of the danger of it, as I am now doing to you, are without any sense of their real state. They play at fancying themselves somebody of consequence, till they really think they are so; and so they grow up to be vain, conceited girls, wondering that every body does not admire them as much as they admire themselves.

MARY. I think, mamma, I will never play at making-believe any more. It certainly is a very foolish thing.

MAMMA. It is not the playing at it, dear child, that you have first to give up, but that which causes you to play in this manner.

MARY. What is that, mamma?

MAMMA. The vain mind, my dear, the foolish nature, the evil part, the dark, ugly weeds which we have said so much about;

these are what are to be taken out of your heart. Now, the true light always shows you when and where they spring up, and makes you feel ashamed of them. Attend greatly to feelings of shame, for they generally come from the good Spirit. Do you know what I mean, when I tell you to attend to feelings of shame?

MARY. I think I do, mamma. You would have me give up any thing I was about to do, if I felt that I should be ashamed any body should see me doing it.

MAMM. Yes, that was my meaning; as for instance, if I were to come into the room, and find you opening my drawers, or looking into my papers, or taking any cakes or sweetmeats off the table, should you not feel ashamed?

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma, very much ashamed.

MAMMA. Why would you be ashamed?

MARY. Because you would think me so sly.

MAMMA. You would not like to be thought sly, I suppose?

MARY. Oh, no, I could not bear it.

MAMMA. Why should you dislike so much to be thought sly?

MARY. Because it is such a mean thing.

MAMMA. But suppose you were quite sure I was out of the house, and there was no danger of your being seen by any one; and you then felt a wish to look into my drawers, or read my papers, or take a cake, or any thing of that sort; would you think it a mean thing to do?

MARY. I do not think I should be so much ashamed, mamma, if I was quite sure I should not be seen.

MAMMA. There is no shame, then, in prying into other people's concerns, or taking what does not belong to you, if you are not

seen doing it. Is that what you mean to say?

MARY. Oh, no, mamma! those are very wrong things to do, whether any one sees me do them or not.

MAMMA. Then should you not be as much ashamed to do them when you are alone, as you would be if any body saw you?

MARY. Yes, I think I ought to be.

MAMMA. Do you think you ever *are* alone?

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma, I know I am, very often.

MAMMA. I do not mean *alone*, as to having nobody with you that your eyes can see; but I mean, is there ever a moment of your life in which some one, and that a GREAT ONE, is not beholding you? If you think there is, you are greatly mistaken. Turn to the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, and read me the first four verses.

MARY. "O Lord, thou hast searched me,

and known me; thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."

MAMMA. Thus you see, my child, that you never *are* alone: and if you would be ashamed that *I*, or any of your fellow-creatures, should find you doing any sly, mean, or foolish thing, how much more cause have you to shrink from being found guilty of meanness and folly and deceit, in the sight of a pure and holy God! It is *His* divine and good Spirit in your heart, that makes you sensible of what is base and unworthy; always, therefore, attend to it, with reverence and humility; and when you are tempted to do any thing wrong, do not ask yourself whether you should be ashamed if *I*

should find you doing it; but ask yourself, am I ashamed that God should see me do this? and as the cause of all evil is in the heart, and the vain and sinful thoughts that rise up there, let this short and good prayer be often in your mind; "Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me."

DIALOGUE IV.

" Even a child is known by his doings, whe-his work be pure, and whether it be right."— PROVERBS, XX. 11.

MAMMA. When you were reading to me this morning, Mary, you remember I told you to leave off; and when you asked me *why* I wished you to do so, before your lesson was finished, I said I would tell you the reason another time. Do you wish to hear it?

MARY. If you please, mamma.

MAMMA. No, it is as you please. If you think it would be painful to you to hear the reason, I will not compel you to hear it.

MARY. I think, mamma, it was because

you were a little displeased with me, that you told me to leave off.

MAMMA. Are you conscious, then, that you were doing any thing to displease me, whilst you were reading your lesson? Come, I see there is a little consciousness of something wrong. You *are* aware, are you not, that you were *pretending* not to know the meaning of this and the other word, as I asked it of you; and that I saw through this pretence? Is not this the case?

MARY. Well, mamma, I think I *did* know the meaning of one or two of the words I pretended not to know; but I wanted you to have a nice long talk with me, and I could not get you to do what I wished.

MAMMA. And so you took this crooked way of bringing it about! Well, my dear, another time, when you wish for any thing, ask in a plain, open manner, whether it can be granted you, and do not let the dark,

subtle spirit put you upon such sort of contrivances to accomplish it. But I think, Mary, if you will try to recollect, you and I have more than once had some talk upon this subject. It is not the first time, by many, that I have had occasion to warn you of this disposition to *pretend* something or another, that is not true. For instance, sometimes you pretend——

MARY. Oh, dear mamma! pray do not use that ugly word "*pretend.*"

MAMMA. Is not the *thing* a great deal uglier than the word?

MARY. Oh, yes! but then I do not see its ugliness till you tell me of it.

MAMMA. But you *would* see it, my dear child, if you were attentive to the true light within you, which is that good feeling which makes the very idea of *pretence* hateful to you.

MARY. How do you know I am pretend-

ing, mamma, when I do not know it myself?

MAMMA. You know it when I point it out to you.

MARY. Yes, but what makes you able to point it out to me?

MAMMA. A deep acquaintance with my own heart, which is naturally as evil as yours; and a reverent attention to the good Spirit, who makes me able to distinguish between truth and falsehood.

MARY. Oh, mamma! what an awful thing that good Spirit is! I feel afraid when I think how near it is to me!

MAMMA. Do you wish it was at a greater distance from you?

MARY. I think—sometimes—I do wish it, a little.

MAMMA. You would like better that it should not disturb you in your pretences, and make-believe; you do not wish to see

the evil that is in your heart.—Is that the case?

MARY. I do not know, mamma. I like to see it, and yet I do not like it.

MAMMA. The fact is this, my dear; you have *two* natures in you, the one good and the other evil; and "these are contrary the one to the other;" but the evil nature being as yet so much the strongest of the two, it gets above the other, and is every now and then perking up its ugly face, and performing all these ridiculous antics; and it would be well if they were nothing more than ridiculous; but they are as sinful as they are silly, and that makes me so anxious to point out to you the necessity of watching against them.

MARY. Thank you, dear mamma. I like to hear you point out these things to me; for sometimes I am not aware of them till you show them to me.

MAMMA. No, my dear, I dare say you are not.

MARY. Yet, mamma, I wonder I am not, since that good light you speak of is in me, to show the evil.

MAMMA. But if you are not well acquainted with that good light, and its way of teaching, and above all things, if you are not *very* obedient, when it shows you what is wrong, you will never understand your own nature, and will be apt to fancy that all is well with you, when indeed it is very ill. It is because poor sinners are so ignorant of the power and use of the true light that shines in their dark hearts, that they often get to such a pitch of insensibility, as not to know that they have such a thing at all. As that holy man, Job, said of such persons, "they are of those that rebel against the light; they know not the ways thereof, nor abide in the paths thereof." (ch. xxiv. 13.)

MARY. While you are talking to me about this true light, mamma, I feel such a love for it, that I seem as if I should never again do any thing which it shows me to be wrong. But then in a little while I forget it, and fall into something that I am sorry for. How does this happen?

MAMMA. Partly from the heedlessness of your early age, which prevents you from watching over your thoughts and wishes, and partly from the hatred of the bad part of your nature against the good; a hatred which keeps you from praying earnestly to God to increase His true light in you, by giving you more and more of his Holy Spirit.

MARY. Oh, mamma, I *do* wish to have this true light increase. I *do* wish to be good. I am always so sorry and so ashamed when I see these ugly weeds in my heart. What *can* make them come up, when I dislike them so much?

MAMMA. The love of *self*, my dear—the desire to bring *self* into notice. For instance, I was rather grave to-day, and not inclined for conversation; and you had made several attempts to engage my attention, and you could not draw me out; so, in order to *make* me observe you, you fell upon the device of *pretending* not to know the meaning of this and the other word; and now and then not being able to find the place where you left off, and so on, only for the sake of bringing *self* into notice; till seeing what you were about, and who it was that was governing you, I desired you to leave off, and I would tell you the reason for it another time.

MARY. Well, mamma, I thought what the reason was, before you told me. But what is it you mean, when you say *who* it was that was governing me?

MAMMA. I mean the evil spirit, who is the enemy of all good, and whom you read of in

scripture, as that wicked one who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. He that is called Satan, or the devil, *he* was leading you into foolishness and sin.

MARY. Is *he* so near me too, mamma?

MAMMA. He is very near, and always watching to puff you up with vain thoughts about yourself, and making you anxious for notice, and unhappy when you are not noticed.

MARY. But, mamma, why is it so dangerous to love ourselves, for there is nobody so near to us to love?

MAMMA. It is dangerous for many more reasons than I can give you now, as we have talked long enough for the present. But on one account, if there were no other, it is dangerous to love ourselves too much, and that is because it is contrary to the will of God, and the example of our blessed Sa-

viour, who says, " if any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Now, we shall never deny ourselves so long as we are filled with self-love.

MARY. I do not think I exactly know what is meant by denying ourselves, mamma.

MAMMA. Well, to-morrow, perhaps, we may talk a little more on that subject.

DIALOGUE V.

" Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan." MATT. XVI. 22, 23.

MAMMA. You were wishing, yesterday, to know, what was meant by denying ourselves, Mary. I think I can give you some idea of it, by something that happened to-day.

MARY. If you please, mamma; though I cannot recollect anything particular happening to-day.

MAMMA. Do you not remember the postman bringing me a letter, just as I was about

MARY. Oh, mamma! *did* you see that I was wanting you to open the letter? Well, I *did* think you never could see that. I *did* think I kept that to myself.

MAMMA. No, my dear, happily for little folks of your age, it is not very difficult to know what they are about. But to go on with what I was saying; this conduct which you saw in me this morning, enables you to understand what is meant by *denying* ourselves.

MARY. Yes, mamma, I can understand what is meant by denying ourselves; but I do not quite see *why* we should do it.

MAMMA. Suppose I took you with me into a pastrycook's shop, and you were to ask me to let you have ices, and jellies, and creams, and any thing that you chose to fancy; do you think I should indulge you?

MARY. No, mamma, I know you would not.

MAMMA. Why should I deny you these things?

MARY. Because they would be bad for me.

MAMMA. But I suppose you would like some of them very well, if you might have them?

MARY. Yes, I think I should.

MAMMA. But you are quite satisfied to go without them, and to think that I know best what is good for you?

MARY. Oh, yes, mamma.

MAMMA. Well, then, my dear child, if you can trust your earthly parent, in directing you for the best, how much more should you obey the commands of your heavenly Father; and when he requires you to deny yourself, submit to it without questioning the why or the wherefore? But though it may be difficult for you, at your age, to understand the full purport of the command to take up your cross and deny youself; yet you must

surely have learnt enough, from these conversations that we have had, to see what a vain, silly, mean little creature you would be, if you were never forced to control your own will, but might do as you liked upon all occasions.

MARY. But why is my will such a bad one, mamma, that it always wants to be controlled?

MAMMA. This is a question which would lead us into longer discourse than would be desirable, at this late hour. To-morrow, if permitted, we will resume the subject. Only let me point out to you a striking passage in Scripture, which plainly shows how hateful to the blessed Jesus, was any attempt to persuade *him* from suffering pain, and denying himself; for we must always suffer some pain in denying ourselves. You remember that Peter was one of his favoured disciples; he, with James and John, usually accom-

panying him, when others were not so privileged; yet, when Peter would have had him to avoid the sufferings that awaited him, saying to him, (no doubt in that coaxing sort of way which *our* evil nature likes,) "Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee," the meek and lowly Jesus, with holy indignation, spurns him away with the severe rebuke of, "Get thee behind me, *Satan!*" *Not* Peter, his friend and disciple; but Peter, so strongly under the influence of a false feeling, that he deserves and receives the name of *Satan!*

DIALOGUE VI.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."—ISAIAH, I. 3.

MAMMA. Now, Mary, I am ready to answer, as far as I am able, the question you asked last night, which, if I remember right, was an inquiry *why* your will required to be controlled.

MARY. Yes, mamma. I wished to know why my will was so bad a one as always to want to be controlled.

MAMMA. This question, my dear, leads us into very solemn subjects; and therefore you must be very attentive and thoughtful, and consider what you are going to say, be-

fore you make any inquiries respecting it. All that I can tell, or you can learn about the cause of your will being a bad one, is found in the Bible. Do you not remember reading there, that "God made man in his own image?"

MARY. Yes, mamma; and commanded him not to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; for in the day that he eat thereof he should surely die.

MAMMA. Yes; and he did die a very dreadful death.

MARY. Dear mamma, I thought he lived several hundred years, and had two sons, and ——

MAMMA. Stay; and let me explain what sort of death Adam died, when he disobeyed the Lord. It was not the death of the body; but a far worse death. His soul, which was created in the image of God—that beautiful image —*that* was the part of him that died. Hence

it is, that all Adam's children have nothing of the image of God in them now; but instead of it, the only image that is before their thoughts continually, is their own.

MARY. Pray, mamma, will you tell me what an image means; for I do not think I exactly understand you?

MAMMA. Go and look in the glass, and tell me what you see.

MARY. I see myself.

MAMMA. How so? You cannot possibly see yourself; for you are standing before the glass, and looking just the opposite way to that where the figure in the glass is looking?

MARY. Then what I see, mamma, is, I suppose, an image of myself.

MAMMA. Exactly so. It represents you to yourself. It is *your* image; and you can very well understand the nature of this image, and have great satisfaction (too much,

alas!) in gazing upon it. You are scarcely ever weary of looking how its hair curls, and how its——

MARY. Oh, mamma, I know this is very foolish: pray talk of something else. I know now what an image is.

MAMMA. You know what a human image is, dear child, which is the image *you* bear; but I have no words capable of expressing to you what that image was which Adam bore, before he disobeyed God and lost it. It is sufficient to say that it was the image of God—all glorious, all beautiful, all majestic, all divine!—so that he might be permitted, nay, he was created on purpose to delight in it; for when he delighted in this image, he delighted in God, whom it resembled. If we were not fallen and sinful creatures, we should have no delight in any thing but God. *His* will would be our will;

and we should not know what it was to think about *ourselves*, or care about ourselves. But now we think and care about nothing else: our will is all for *self*. It says, continually, what can *I* get—give *me* something—let *me* be taken care of.

MARY. Oh, mamma, I do not think I am saying that always!

MAMMA. Not with your lips, my dear. But think a little, and I believe you will find that *self* is the uppermost thing in your mind, for the greater part of the day; and it would be very troublesome to you and every body else, if it were not kept under by the care and instruction of others; and in some measure, I hope, by your own endeavours to resist it. Still, with all the teaching you receive, and all the restraint which is put upon it, your *will* finds it *very* hard to think upon God, and still harder

to take any delight in him. Is not this the case?

MARY. Oh, mamma, I should be very wicked if I said no; for I am afraid what you say is true.

MAMMA. Do not be afraid of speaking the truth, dear child. It is necessary that you should quite understand the great corruption of your heart, or you will not be earnest in seeking its remedy.

MARY. Then there is a remedy, mamma! Oh, I am glad of that! Pray explain it to me.

MAMMA. As soon as Adam lost his beautiful and godlike life, it pleased his good Creator to make him a promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; which was as if God had said to him, "I will send you a friend that shall deliver you from this evil, serpent-like nature, that you have brought upon yourself by dis-

obeying my commands." This great deliverer was not to come into the world for several hundreds of years after that; but some portion of his blessed *spirit* was given *then* to Adam, as his help and deliverance from that evil nature which he had got by indulging his own will, and eating the forbidden fruit.

MARY. Oh, mamma, what a terrible punishment for such a little thing as eating some fruit!

MAMMA. It was not *what* he did that made the greatness of his sin: it was the ungrateful, rebellious selfishness which it betokened, that caused him to be so severely punished. Suppose I were ten thousand times more kind and loving to you than I am, yet my love would be nothing to the love that God bore to Adam; but suppose that *I* were to give you permission to enjoy yourself, and play in the garden, and that I had provided every thing I could think of for your pleasure

and that I was to say, "You may eat what fruit you like, Mary; but do not eat of such a tree, because what you gather there will poison you;" and you were to slight what I had provided for your happiness, and take of the poisoned tree—would you not show a very wilful, selfish temper?

MARY. Yes, mamma, I should deserve to be punished.

MAMMA. But suppose it were possible for me, not only to provide beautiful grounds for you to play in, and pleasant fruit for you to eat; but also to fill your mind with such delightful thoughts as made you always good and always happy, and some envious, wicked person came and persuaded you that you might be still happier, and still better, and still wiser, if you were to eat of the forbidden tree, would you not show a very covetous, greedy temper, as well as a very wilful one, if you hearkened to him?

MARY. Yes, indeed I should. I ought to be satisfied with being good and happy, and not want more than was given me.

MAMMA. Then, if you found, as soon as you had eat of the poisoned fruit, that your beautiful, happy, and good thoughts were gone, and you had got a set of dark, covetous, greedy thoughts instead of them, do not you think you would have just what you deserved, and what you had brought upon yourself?

MARY. Yes, mamma: I should have nobody to blame but myself; for I ought not to have listened to the wicked person that would have persuaded me to disobey you.

MAMMA. Then now you can understand why Adam's punishment was so great; and he could not have had a greater, than to lose a blessed, happy nature, and get an evil one instead; but, even in this unhappy condition, it pleased the goodness of God to come

to his help, and to give him back a little portion of that blessed nature which he had lost. It was put into his heart, and it is put into every body's heart, to teach them what is good.

MARY. Then this is the true light, and the good Spirit that we have been talking about so much, I suppose, mamma?

MAMMA. Yes, dear child, this is the deliverer from evil, and the guide into all good; who tells us when our *will* is a bad one, and who calls upon us to deny it. If Adam had minded *this* teacher instead of the wicked serpent, who was the devil, he would have escaped all the misery he brought upon himself and upon us also; for, in consequence of his disobedience, we are all sinners, being born in *his* image instead of the image of God.

MARY. But, mamma, you said that this

good deliverer came into the world several hundred years after Adam sinned.

MAMMA. Yes, this great deliverer was the Lord Jesus Christ, who is called in Scripture the second Adam, because he repaired all the mischief that the first Adam did.

MARY. How did he do that, mamma?

MAMMA. By making the bad nature good again. He became a man like Adam, and did as Adam *ought* to have done, by *perfectly* obeying the will of God in all things. But this subject is at present beyond your comprehension; therefore we will only now speak of what, I think, you may be able to understand. Let me ask you a few questions respecting what we have been conversing upon. In whose image was Adam first created?

MARY. In the image of God, which was a beautiful and glorious image.

MAMMA. How did he lose this image?

MARY. By following his own will, and disobeying God, by eating of the forbidden fruit.

MAMMA. He had then got a life, and nature, and image of his own, instead of the life, and nature, and image of God. And was it a good nature that he had got?

MARY. No, a very bad one.

MAMMA. Have we the same bad nature?

MARY. Yes, we are born in Adam's image.

MAMMA. Can we ever hope to regain God's image which died in Adam?

MARY. Yes; there is a little portion of it given back to us, to show us what is good, and to make us love it.

MAMMA. What is it called?

MARY. It is called "*light.*" It is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

MAMMA. Have you any of that light?

MARY. Yes, mamma.

MAMMA Then remember, dear child, to obey it; and above all things, recollect that it calls upon you to deny the evil which you inherit from Adam.

FINIS.

Joseph Rickerby, Printer, Sherbourn Lane.

Interesting Works for Young People,

PUBLISHED BY

HARVEY AND DARTON,

GRACECHURCH-STREET.

STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS ESSENTIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN. By M. A. KELTY. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 1s. 6d.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE. By the same Author. 18mo. cloth lettered. Price 1s.

ENGLISH STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME By MARIA HACK. A New Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth lettered. With Vignettes by HARVEY. Price 12s.

"This is a neat and useful little work, something on the plan of Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. The two volumes comprise a spirited and animated relation of the most striking and important events of English History, from the earliest period to the death of Queen Elizabeth; and although the Authoress modestly says her work was intended for children of twelve or thirteen years old, we see no reason why it may not be perused with advantage by persons of any age. The well-informed may take it up to refresh their memories, and those who have no time to peruse elaborate histories, or whose early education has been neglected, may here find the pith and marrow of many volumes comprised in two moderately-sized ones. The binding is elegant, and the paper and letter-press of the same character."—*Stockport Advertiser.*

"A popular History of England, from Alfred to Elizabeth, adapted to the capacities of young persons. The matter is unexceptionable, and embodies a good deal of information, valuable and interesting to juvenile readers. Certain defects of manner are counterbalanced by the dispassionate and just estimate of the characters of the persons, and the causes and influence of events."—*Spectator.*

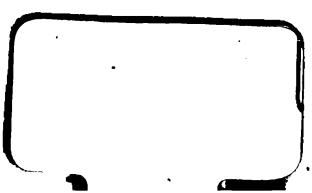
THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES; containing Memoirs of some of the Sufferers, during the Persecutions consequent on that Event. By the Author of "The Minstrelsy of the Woods," &c. Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 4s.

A MEMOIR OF EDWARD FOSTER BRADY, late Superintendent of Croydon School. Consisting chiefly of Extracts from his Letters and Journal. Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 2s. 6d.

6

o

i



CHARLIE'S DISCOVERIES; or, a GOOD USE FOR EYES AND EARS. With many Cuts. By T. WILLIAMS. 16mo. Gilt edges. Price 4s. 6d.

"Charlie's Discoveries, being set forth in a lively and attractive manner, and illustrated with beautiful wood-cuts, are calculated to make more juvenile discoveries of the wonders that are everywhere about us, though but little known."—*Spectator.*

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES, and GLIMPSES OF THE ANCIENT EARTH. By MARIA HACK. With Illustrative Plates and Maps. A new Edition. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 9s.

"A compendium of the most striking facts of Geology, thrown into the form of dialogue, adapted to the comprehension of the young, but not unfitted for elder readers. Of its merit, 'third edition' is sufficient proof."—*Spectator.*

MORNING WALKS; or, STEPS TO THE STUDY OF MINERALOGY. With Plates, 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 7s.

"Of the value of this little volume we cannot speak too highly, and we would recommend its perusal to every class of our readers, who, in a simple form, wish for an introduction to this delightful science. It is written in so simple a form that parents who wish to instruct their children in Mineralogy, cannot secure the rudiments of them better than by 'Morning Walks.'"—*Staffordshire Examiner.*

SPAIN, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By a LADY. Containing an Account of the Manners of the People in the various Provinces of the Peninsula; with Historical Notices of Remarkable Events connected with the places visited. Compiled from an actual Journal. Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 5s.

"The idea of this little volume is excellent. An English gentleman of fortune becomes heir to a rich relation in Spain; he travels there with his family, and we have in this work the result of their experience and enquiries. A popular picture of the country was wanted; here we find the essence of many large works presented in a form particularly attractive to the young."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

THE IRISH TOURIST, or the PEOPLE AND THE PROVINCES OF IRELAND. With a Map of the Route throughout the Island. Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 4s. 6d.

"The author of this work has succeeded to admiration in getting up an attractive volume on Ireland. He conducts the reader from one important place to another, and affords him an entertaining and often touching view of the manners by which the people are distinguished. With the characteristic exhibitions of Irish sentiment and expression contained in the occasional dialogues, we are as much amused as by any sketches of the sort in connexion with the Scotch, by the author of Waverly. The Tour is diversified by conversations and notices, biographical and historical."—*Derbyshire Courier.*